Maryville College Bulletin

VOL. XXII JULY, 1923 No. 3

PRESIDENT SAMUEL TYNDALE WILSON, D.D., LL.D.

Entered May 24, 1904, at Maryville, Tenn., as second-class mail matter. Acceptance for mailing at special rate of postage provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized February 10, 1919.

The End of the Road

To me there is charm inviting
Where a road winds off through the trees;
Each track seems a line of writing—
Of endeavor, of toil, of ease;
A picture of life in the making,
Light hearts, or a heavy load
Of sorrow or sin, of joy that has been,
As they near the End of the Road.

I travel the road of Fancy
Beyond the Land of Dreams,
Beyond Life's necromancy;
Not very far it seems
To the rose-hued Isles of Sunset,
Away in the Golden West,
Where all is peace, at Life's surcease,
And the weary pilgrims rest.

There are songs of early morning,
There are sighs of those who grieve,
There are greetings sweet as weary feet
Are homeward bound at eve;
There are devious ways beguiling,
Though but one to the Blest Abode;
So with heart of grace and a smiling face
May we reach the End of the Road.

With hopes for a happy and successful future, the above verses are dedicated to the Maryville College graduates of 1923, by Mrs. Clara Moyse Tadlock.

Mrs. Tadlock is the wife of Dr. Alexander B. Tadlock, '59, Maryville's oldest living alumnus. Mrs. Tadlock is an author of no small ability, and has published valuable volumes of poetry and of travel.

Everything Saith, Glory!

Note: The Executive Committee of the Alumni Association is grateful to President Wilson for permission to print and circulate his sermon delivered to the Class of 1923 in Voorhees Chapel on Sunday, June 3. The Committee is sure that alumni and friends will be glad to have this semi-centennial message from our president, whose fiftieth year as a Maryville College man—student, alumnus, professor, and president—has just ended.

Text: Psalm 29:9. "*In his temple everything saith, Glory.*"

A Syrian Thunderstorm. The sweet singer of Israel was composing a psalm of praise for the worship of Israel's God. He took as his special motive the voice of Jehovah in the thunder storm. The voice of the God of glory thundered over the waters, probably the many waters of the Mediterranean sea. God's voice, powerful and full of majesty, swept over the the mountains of Lebanon and Sirion, as the Sidonians called Mount Hermon, shattering the cedar forests that covered them, and shaking the mountains to their very foundations, until the mighty earthquake seemed to make even those massive mountains skip like the young wild-ox. And southward the colossal undulations swept, wave after wave, until at last the far-flung wilderness of Kadesh was deep shaken by the swelling thereof.

In God's Outdoor Temple. As the inspired psalmist thus gazed at the vast panorama of the Holy Land extending from far above Dan on the north to far below Beersheba on the south, and saw hill and valley alike shaking and quaking as there sounded forth the voice of Jehovah sitting as "King of the Flood", the awe-inspiring scene before him took upon itself the similitude of the greatest temple of God that the vault of heaven had ever looked down upon, a structure in comparison with which the famous temples, which in later days were to be the boast of earth, such as Solomon's and Herod's temples, the Parthenon, the Pantheon, Santa Sophia, St. Peter's, and the cathedrals of Cologne and Milan, should be as a mere handful of sand; and, as he thus saw this incomparable temple of God, and high enthroned in it as King of kings, the great Jehovah, he swept the strings of his royal harp, and sang forth the majestic verse, "In his temple everything saith, Glory".

It Saith, Glory. In his temple, from beyond the stately Hermon to the white-sand dunes of the wilderness of Kadesh; and from the plains of the Hauran on the east, to the blue billows of the Great Sea on the west; and from the sapphire dome above to the depths of the Arabah below with its silent sea—in this stupendous, this divine temple, everything, everything was shouting, "Glory", to Him that was sitting on the throne in the temple.

"Everything Saith, Glory." Everything? Yes, everything, from the snow-crowned summit of Hermon, as if already radiant with the coming glory of the transfiguration, down to the glistening sands of the wilderness of Kadesh; everything—mountain and hill, valley and glen, plain and desert

—everything, bird and beast, plants and trees, city and country, daylight and dark, calm and storm, providence and grace, nature and mankind, everything joined the swelling chorus, Glory! And as the glorious diapason died away, the psalm of the psalmist ended in a fugue of faith and confidence: "Jehovah", this great King of the grandest of earthly temples, "Jehovah will give strength unto his people; Jehovah will bless his people with peace".

This Psalm Is Ours. What an experience is that one thus visualized to us by this twenty-ninth psalm! Oh! if we, too, could only worship in such a temple, and worship such a King of kings, and worship in such a hallelujah chorus of ascriptions of glory to the King of glory, what a source of faith and confidence and devotion and piety and refreshment would be opened up in our struggling lives! Well, this experience is ours. The twenty-ninth psalm in its fullest significance belongs to us even more than it did to its immediate author.

We Are in God's Grander Temple. We are in God's temple, an even grander temple than was that one bounded by the northern and southern and eastern and western limits of Palestine. "The whole earth is full of his glory." The Old World and the New World are full of his glory. The five oceans and the seven continents are full of his glory. Wherever we are in this earthly temple is our Bethel, and we may say with Jacob: "How dreadful is this place! this is none other than the house of God, and this is the gate of heaven".

God's Great World Temple. When David wrote the twenty-ninth psalm, his son Solomon's temple had, of course, not yet been erected. Mount Moriah may still have belonged to the Jebusites. The tabernacle at Gibeon was then the special place of national worship. But the big outdoor temple of God's love and providence was already standing in its incomparable glory. And now, while archaeologists are trying to find the ruins of the temples of Solomon, Zerubbabel, and Herod, God's first great world-temple is still standing in its effulgent glory, and we are worshipers of the enthroned King, as in that temple he sits on his throne of glory.

And Everything Resounds with, Glory. And in God's temple, everything saith, Glory! To David, with his spiritual senses keen to note the harmonies of the universe, all the voices of creation united in this resounding chorus of praise to the Almighty. And to us, also, comes a similar experience: When our ear for the true music of the spheres and of nature as a whole is properly alert and correctly attuned, earth becomes a splendid and divine temple which resounds with a universal chorus of praise summed up in the worshipful and resplendent ascription, Glory!

This Text Is Yours and Mine. In God's temple, everything saith, Glory! After four years of college life, and the earnest and constant study of God's works and word, you should be able to echo David's words with

all your heart, for they also express your alma mater's conviction and confidence and spirit. And after fifty years as student, alumnus, professor, and president of Maryville College, I have chosen this text from among the thousands that are always waiting to be considered, to be my semi-centennial message, because increasingly in this experience of a half-century as a Maryville College man, have I come to a deeper and more joyous realization of the truth and the glory of our holy Christian religion; and because I wish to testify once more to you, Maryville's greatest class, before you go, my assured and profound and happy certainty that "in his temple everything saith, Glory!" Let this text of ours then be your baccalaureate creed as you graduate from a Christian college, and let it be my semi-centennial testimony to you as I bid you God-speed for both your earthly pilgrimage and your eternal journey. Let us appropriate this text; it is ours now; let us stow it away in our hearts to thrill us there forever and forever: "*In his temple everything, everything saith, Glory*".

The Voices of Nature, Revelation, and Experience Say, Glory. David heard countless voices, individually and yet in harmonious unison, filling God's mighty temple with a doxology that summed up the worship of all of God's works in the one supremely worshipful word, Glory! And so do we hear numberless voices blending in the grateful, trustful, hopeful, and worshipful paean, Glory. This brief baccalaureate day would be all too brief indeed even to enumerate the voices that we distinguish in this great shout of praise and worship. All the voices that I shall ask you to attempt to distinguish in this universal and tuneful concord, are certain voices of nature, certain voices of revelation, and certain voices of our own personal experiences. These voices will serve as examples and representatives of the other myriad voices which we have heard with joy and inspiration in other days, but which cannot now possibly crowd in, for the swarming multitudes that there are of them—countless as the stars of heaven. All these voices and the infinitude of voices that they represent are included in the all-inclusive word of quantity, "everything", that the psalmist employed as he witnessed the unanimity of all creation in the worship of God: "In his temple everything saith, Glory".

I. The Voices of Nature Say, Glory. First of all, note, will you, the voices of nature, as, in God's great temple, in God's holy presence, they unanimously join in saying, Glory!

Living our college life, as we do, in one of the most beautiful sections of this very beautiful world, we hear on every side the voices of nature in her myriad forms testifying to the existence of the Creator and to his power and wisdom.

> "To him who in the love of nature holds
> Communion with her visible forms, she
> Speaks a various language";

but there can always be heard ringing through her varied speech one recurring refrain, *Laudes Domini!* Glory to the God of nature! and glory to his power and to his wisdom!

Our Campus Trees and Birds. Even on the space of these two hundred and fifty acres of our college campus, there are hosts of voices sounding forth the being and power and wisdom of our God. "The groves were God's first temples." The cedars and the pines and the monarchs of the deciduous forest of our campus, eighty varieties of trees at least, wave their ascription of glory heavenward. And hundreds of pairs of a hundred varieties of song-birds from God's aviary fill the air of College hill with the sweet melody of praise: not a month in the year but some of these heavenly choristers are with us; and in the spring time, we may rouse even in the otherwise desolate hours of the silent night to hear the mocking-bird singing, Glory! to its Maker, while it serenades the mate that God has given it. By day and by night, in his temple everything saith, Gloryl

The Campus Flowers. Poets tell of the language of flowers; and our God, the author of linguistics, knows that language too, and lets us overhear some of its anthems that pay tribute to the power and wisdom that framed the flowers and all the flowery mede and woodland. From the spring beauties and the violets and the narcissus that creep out of the chill of winter banks, onward through all the beauteous procession of roses and lilies and daisies and honeysuckles and all the rest, down to the goldenrod that runs the risk of being kissed to death by the autumn frost—all these flowers of the field that outrival Solomon in all his glory, sound forth their tribute to their Creator whose power and wisdom framed them and who, in his love for them, has bespangled earth with them, from the hot house of the tropics even to the glacier edges of the frigid zones. And all these flowers are vocal with praise to God. As one has said, "Flowers may beckon toward us, but they speak toward heaven and God". "Your voiceless lips, O flowers, are living preachers—each cup a pulpit and each leaf a book".

The Clouds Above Us. Over this college hill of ours, the clouds, too, bank themselves, upper, and middle, and nether clouds; and they run hither and yonder, and play with the lights of morning, noon, and night, and borrow the spectral rays of morn and eve to make them royal robes of gorgeous coloring; and sometimes, with the help of the declining sun, as it peers through an evening shower, they display to our delighted eyes the rainbow's iris arch. And how silent they are as they float on the wings of the wind or of the evening zephyr! Silent? Ah, no; they speak to us of God, "who tinged these clouds with gold".

The Hills Around Us. And the hills say, Glory! The Chilhowees and the outlying Knobs, and the Smokies with their Balds and Thunderheads, the Appalachians all, whisper and chant and thunder to our awe-stricken

hearts the power and wisdom and infinitude of our God. In this Switzerland of America, in this mighty mountain temple, the mountains and the hills break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field clap their hands.

The Days and Nights and Seasons. Over this college home of ours there sweep three hundred and sixty-five days of the glorious rule of the sun, and three hundred and sixty-five nights of the glorious rule of the moon and stars; and four succeeding seasons every year; and upon this home fall the rain and the snow in their respective seasons; but through all these changing scenes there sounds forth from sun and moon and stars and seasons and circling years the praise of the Creator. "The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth his handiwork. Day unto day uttereth speech, and night unto night sheweth knowledge. There is no speech nor language, where their voice is not heard."

"What though no real voice nor sound
Amidst their radiant orbs be found?
In reason's ear they all rejoice
And utter forth a glorious voice;
Forever singing as they shine,
'The Hand that made us is divine'."

The Voice of Nature in Our Laboratories. Such, then, is the language of nature as we have dealt with it directly in our daily experience, and with the simple aid of our five senses. And such, too, has been the language of nature as, in the laboratories of the College, during the past four years, we have studied the natural sciences, and have thus been led into a more intimate and scientific acquaintance with nature and its phenomena.

Science and Religion are Sisters. Maryville College has never sympathized with the strange notion and frequent fear that science, genuine scientific knowledge, should tend to empty God's temple of his worshipers! Nothing can be more unreasonable than such a notion as this one. Science is merely classified knowledge of the phenomena of nature, animate and inanimate. Truth is harmonious, whatever may be its source and origin. In Coles' words, "Science is certainty, is truth found out". The truth of God is truth, whether found out in nature or in revelation. While scientific theories, it is very true, may rise and fall, and will continue to rise and fall, and are both true and false, and may require long periods of time to be tested, science itself is the truth of God, and, in his temple, is always crying, Glory! The greatest scientists of all the Christian centuries have naturally been Christians; and so will it ever be, until that future day when all fully demonstrated scientific knowledge shall be recognized as being part of the consistent whole of the truth of God. Science and religion are not hostile aliens and antagonistic strangers; they are, rather, sister handmaidens in the service of the Most High; and in his temple both of them, a God-appointed duet, in cordial unison, sing their reverent doxology.

The Natural Sciences Reveal God the Creator. And so our studies in the College laboratories have taught us the truth that revealed religion also declares—the existence of a Great First Cause, our Creator, a Being of supreme power and wisdom.

The Science of Mathematics. Mathematics, almost the oldest of the sciences, leads us to Him who is the great geometrician, and who has even filled both geological crystals and wintry snow-flakes with geometrical figures of exquisite exactness.

Astronomy. Astronomy, the celestial science, so elevates its votary students that even pagan Cicero declared that such students must "both speak and think more sublimely and magnificently when they descend to human affairs". Nor does the study of astronomy end with this almost divine afflatus; for it also is, perforce, as Horace Mann says, "a quickener of devotion". Young declares, "The undevout astronomer is mad". The science of astronomy from Job's ancient day to the present, leads the student of the heavens through the starry field of the Pleiades and Orion and Mazzaroth and Arcturus with his sons, into the very celestial presence of the Almighty, when on that primal day he fastened the foundations of the earth, and "laid the cornerstone thereof; when the morning stars sang together and all the sons of God shouted for joy"; and in his temple of the universe, everything heavenly saith, Glory. The countless stars of the telescopic world which scintillate the glory of their Creator, until one star differs from another star only in the amount it shares of a common glory, unite as in a vast milky way to lead the children of men along that pure white way up into the very presence of Him before whom stars and men and angels must ever pay their tribute of praise.

Geology. And nature as interpreted by the noble science of geology also lays a rock foundation indeed for the stately structure of our worship of the Most High. As Maryville students study the records of creative ages engraven on the strata that together make up nature's geologic history of creation, on every stratum they find the proofs of wisdom, power, and glory that have no limit, and that therefore must belong to an infinite Creator. And as they trace in the rocks the irresistible movement of that Infinite Creator toward the completion and consummation of his great purpose in the creation, the culminating period that is the age of man, they find themselves in God's holy temple, in the presence of the God of glory. And as they pore over the pages of the fossils, from the trilobite of the Cambrian Period of this very neighborhood of ours, to the Mastodon of the recent Quaternary Period, they realize that they are reading God's library of mundane history, his autograph record of his work of ages; and in his cosmos they read the convincing cosmological argument for the existence and power and wisdom of God. Geology and paleontology without God are as unthinkable as New York City and London would be without

architects and builders to account for them. And the geologist cries, Glory! when he finds himself in the presence of Him who, in the beginning, created the heavens and the earth. He sounds forth what Longfellow calls

"The glory of Him who
Hung his masonry on naught when the world he created."

Physics. And the student of physics, or of "natural philosophy", as they called it when I was a boy, as he traces the mighty natural laws that prevail throughout the material universe, can no more fail to find God wherever these subtle, all-pervasive, and sublime laws prevail, than he can fail to discover the antecedent existence and intelligent designing of men's minds, when, over yonder in Alcoa, he seeks to account for that strange assembling of forces and properties of mechanics, acoustics, heat, optics, and electricity that explain the existence and the successful functioning of the Aluminum Company works. As, in the great temple of nature, we students consider the existence and operation of the infinitely wise laws of physics, from gravitation to light, throughout the entire material universe, we lift our faces reverently toward Him who sitteth on the throne in his temple, and we worship him with awe-stricken devotion.

Chemistry. Chemistry has to do with the constitution of matter as composed of ultimate particles. And in the chemical laboratory, as the student, when dealing with the conservation of mass, recognizes that nothing can be either created or destroyed in the chemistry laboratory; and as, when dealing with the law of definite proportions, he recognizes the presence and sway of a universal, marvelous, and intelligent law that expresses design and method on the part of a Creator, he gets a revelation of God and of the glory of God. And as he sees these inflexible and unalterable laws of nature always operative in his experiments in the chemical laboratory, that laboratory seems to frame itself into a transept of a stately cathedral or temple of the Most High, where, convinced from a new and cogent angle of the existence and infinite wisdom of the Author of these chemical relations and reactions, his heart bows in reverent adoration before the divine Chemist.

Biology. And our biological laboratories, too, frame themselves into a great college temple to God, in whose precincts all thoughtful students find themselves crying, Glory, as they trace the origins and organisms and methods of life, both animal and vegetable. The microscope opens up to the amazed vision realms and dynasties and populations of life otherwise unsuspected and unseen by the unaided vision. And throughout all this newly-discovered territory the same divine wisdom and power are everywhere manifest that are visible to the unaided eye or to the vision aided by the telescope. A stamen, a pistil, a rose, a piece of tissue, a bird, and a fish, become new continents; and a drop of water or of blood a new ocean awaiting the coming of their Columbus. Thus the boundaries of the human

knowledge of nature's unalterable marvels and of God's ineffable glories are steadily pushed ahead of us as the horizon recedes before our advancing tread; but everywhere, on every hand, are God and his created glories.

The Other Studies of the Curriculum. And so it is with all the other studies of our College course; as a necessary background and basis of all these studies, we find God as the author, not only of the minds that we employ in our studies, but also of the phenomena and subject-matter with which those studies deal.

All These Voices Say, Glory. And thus do we hear all these various voices of nature, not like "bells jangled out of tune", but echoing forth in perfect harmony in God's temple the symphony of worship, Glory to God in the highest!

II. The Voices of Revelation Say, Glory. We have thus far listened together to the voices of nature, in God's temple, ascribing Glory to God. Now note, will you, the voices of revelation in God's temple, joining in the same Glory song.

There Is a Voice of Revelation. "The God that made the world and all things therein, he being Lord of heaven and earth, dwelleth not in temples made with hands", but he dwells in the temple of the universe; nothing else is large enough to contain him. And he has ordained that this mighty temple should resound not merely with the voices of nature, but also with the voice of revelation, for he has appeared in his great temple not merely as the God of nature but also as the God of grace; and this grace he has revealed to men by a direct message, embodied in his book of the old and new covenants; a book that is indeed a direct message of God to man, a message of truth and duty and salvation. And this priceless book, this revelation to man, speaking out of its sanctuary, the ark of the covenant, in the holy of holies, the heart of his sacred temple, blends its reverent voice with that of nature in ascribing glory to the Lord of the temple. Every one of the sixty-six books that make up the world's one great consistent and coherent system of religious truth, reflects glory upon its Author. The complete book so speaks to our heart that we instinctively receive it, as did the Thessalonians, "not as the word of man, but, as it is in truth, the word of God, which effectually worketh also in you that believe".

It Amplifies Nature's Testimony. The voice of revelation echoes and amplifies the voice of nature as it glorifies the existence and power and wisdom of God. All that nature teaches and testifies concerning the being and the natural attributes of God, revelation corroborates and emphasizes and expands. The Bible begins with, "In the beginning God"; and its major theme throughout all its chapters is God; and everywhere it magnifies his being, wisdom, and power. As Dryden says: "It speaks no less than God in every line".

And Adds Moral Testimony. And then, in addition, it declares unequivocally and explicitly what the voice of nature less clearly sets forth, the moral attributes of Deity—"holiness, justice, goodness, and truth".

It Reveals the Holy Trinity. Revelation, in God's temple, declares what natural theology could not reveal, namely, the holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Spirit; and it utters throughout a trisagion, Holy, holy, holy, to the three persons of this blessed Trinity.

Nature reveals the existence of a wise and mighty God; but revelation reveals the heart of that God, and calls on all created beings to reverence the Triune God of "grace and truth".

The Father Almighty. The Book says, Glory to God the Father Almighty. "Our Father who art in heaven", is our daily creed and prayer. Our Father created us and adopted us into his family; and day by day our Father takes perfect providential care of us; and so we gratefully give heed to the high summons: "Give unto the Lord the glory due unto his name; worship the Lord in the beauty of holiness."

The Son of God and Savior of Men. The Book says, Glory to God the Son, the Savior of men. The Old Testament tells of the coming Messiah; and the New Testament recounts his life and death and resurrection and ascension, and his glorification as King of kings and Lord of lords. And so the children of men, happy in their redemption from the power and penalty of sin, glorify their Redeemer; we are bought with a price; therefore, in this life we glorify God in our body and in our spirit, which are his; and in the life to come, we shall join in the new song of the redeemed: "Blessing and honor and glory and power be unto him that sitteth upon the throne and unto the Lamb forever and ever".

The Cross of Jesus Christ. The cross of Calvary was the world's greatest altar of woe; but its transcendent glories fill earth and heaven—they fill all the spaces of God's great temple. There is no other voice on earth that carries such glory to God in his heaven as does the voice of the Cross of Jesus Christ, the Savior of men. "That cross pleads not avenge, but spare!" And so Paul the apostle, the greatest mere man that ever lived, could honestly and from his heart, make the ringing declaration, "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ".

The Spirit and Sanctifier. The Book also says, Glory to God, the Holy Spirit, the Sanctifier of men. To be made pure in heart and to have Christian character take the place of selfishness and impurity, is the greatest boon that Heaven can give us; and the Holy Spirit who blesses men with this supreme benediction receives, and, throughout eternity, will continue to receive, the grateful praise and worship of those whom he has cleansed.

The Will and Law of God. Revelation also makes clear the will of the Triune God and promulgates his righteous law. From the cloud-enveloped

summit of Mount Sinai to that mount in Galilee where our Lord enunciated the age-long and race-wide principles of the sermon on the mount, the law of God commends itself to us as holy and just and good. The decalogue, with its comprehensive statement of duties to God and duties to man, summed up by our Lord in the words: "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself", was given amid the sublime glories of Mount Sinai, and has reflected that glory back upon the divine Lawgiver himself. And the sermon on the mount! No other compendium of ethical principles known to mankind deserves any mention in comparison with this incomparable declaration of the will of Heaven to the citizens of the earthly kingdom. So long as eternity shall last, the sermon on the mount will continue to cry, Glory to God, in his holy temple.

But we can linger no longer to enumerate the numberless ways in which the word of God reflects glory upon its Author.

Thus Do Nature and Revelation Say, Glory. In this text of the day, the psalmist exclaimed, "In his temple everything saith, Glory!" And the countless voices of nature and the manifold voices of revelation to which we have been listening, all testify eloquently that the psalmist in these words of our text bore true testimony to an inspiring fact. Everything in God's temple does say, Glory. All the laws and phenomena of nature and all the forces of sound morals and revealed religion ascribe Glory to God in his temple. And so does everything else unite in this tribute to the Lord of the temple—the good, willingly and enthusiastically; and the evil, by constraint and through necessity; for every knee shall bow of things in heaven and things in earth and things under the earth; and every tongue shall confess that Jesus Christ is Lord to the glory of God the Father.

III. The Voices of Personal Experience. Members of the Class of 1923: Before we conclude the consideration of our theme, let us bring it yet nearer to ourselves, nearer home. Let us turn from the voices of nature and revelation, and let us hearken to the voices of our own personal experience to ascertain whether they also in his temple should not be saying, Glory.

Three Special Periods in Your Experience. There are three especially important periods in your life's experience in which you, in God's temple, should certainly ascribe glory to God's name.

First Period: Your Graduation Week. The first is this week of your graduation—this week, now. As, upon this epochal day in your life's history, you glance backward over your past life and realize the many mercies of God that have thus far entered into making possible your present vantage ground, the noble challenge of gratitude constrains you eagerly

to join the hosts of worshipers in God's holy temple in ascribing glory to the name of Him who brought you hither.

Whence Your Civilization, Religion, and Citizenship? There is our twentieth-century civilization purchased by the supreme sacrifices of milleniums of painful progress; it is yours, by the grace of Heaven. And there is the Christian religion, purchased by the life and death of Jesus Christ, your Savior; it is yours, not for purchase, but as a gift of the free grace of God. And there is American citizenship into which you were freeborn; what it cost, ask the blood of your Revolutionary forefathers, and the millions of heroes who in war and in peace have sacrificed for the life and the character of the republic.

Whence Your Parents, Friends, and Education? And there are your parents, and for some of you there are those who have taken the place of translated parents, in caring for you; God bless them all! What they have meant to you, no tongue could tell; and what you might have failed to be without them—your choking gasp when the mere thought of such a tragic deprivation occurs to you, is an eloquent and sufficient answer. There, too, are your personal friends, tried and true, who have been part of your life; and there are your school training and environment, from the days of the primary grades, on through the secondary school, and, now, through Maryville College; with all the intellectual and moral training and equipment that these schools have contributed to the making of you; all this contribution to your welfare and happiness having been made possible only by the sacrifices of hosts of men and women, most of whom you have never seen.

Whence Your Ideals? And there are your treasured ideals, which should be your chief wealth; your "right scale of values", as Dr. McAfee put it in his address to you not long since; from whatever sources they have come to you, from home or church or school or friends, they are priceless; indeed, they are your true selves.

Whence Providence and Grace? And there are, too, chief of all, the ceaseless and loving providences of God that have been guiding and guarding you every day of your life, from your infancy to your graduation day; they are more in number than the sands of the seashore; only God can enumerate them. And there is the grace of God that hath brought you atonement, repentance, forgiveness, and sonship and daughterhood in the family of God.

For All These Boons Say, Glory. For all these and all the rest of the mercies of God that have entered into your lives thus far, there is one thing that you should joyfully do today, and that is, standing by your Ebenezer, in God's temple, join everything else that is worthy in reverently

raising your grateful doxology to God, your heavenly Father, for all this goodness and mercy that have followed you all the days of your life.

Second Period: The Years of Life's Stress and Service. There is, also, a second period in your life when, in God's temple, you should ascribe glory to your God and Father; and that is the coming years in which you will be doing the principal part of your life's work, the years of stress and service in the great battle of life, as it is appointed to you by God's providence.

There Are Two Necessary Victories. There will be two victories to be achieved by you in this life-long campaign upon which you are about to enter; and both victories can be achieved only with the help of God your Maker; without him, only defeat and disaster; with him, a glorious triumph.

One Is Character-Conquest. One of these victories in character-conquest; the development of a character that will command self-respect and the respect of your fellowmen, and that will win the approval of Heaven. To the winning of such a victory you stand committed as sons and daughters of Maryville and as sons and daughters of the Lord God Almighty. That you have highly resolved to fight this battle and, with the help of your Lord, to win this victory, I am confident.

The Other Is Usefulness. The other victory to be won is that of the achievement of a life of useful service. We have heard the high summons of our world civilization, our native country, our home, our church, and our God to acquit ourselves like men in this crisis of humanity's history; and we have recognized this call as marking out for us our divinely-appointed mission. "Not self but others" must be our slogan. A fierce but heart-satisfying campaign this makes of our life. And win we must and win we shall, with the help of the Captain of our salvation.

The Help of God Will Win These Victories. As you go into this campaign and as you battle through it, you may have always the confidence and cheer of knowing that you have with you, not merely a ghostly "White Comrade", as some of the boys thought they had in battles in France in the World War, but the Almighty Lord, whose wisdom and might and overruling providence will, if you are but faithful, fight your battles and win your victories—superb battles and magnificent victories—and who will, in the end, crown you as a true and faithful crusader.

In all the varied experiences of that glorious life-campaign, you will have the happiness of being able to count absolutely upon the faithfulness and loving-kindness of your God; and often every day of the way, in his temple, you will be led to recognize his presence and aid, and to laud and magnify his name.

Third Period: Fifty Years Hence. And there will also be another and third period when, in his temple, you will be constrained to glorify your Lord and Master. It is such a period as the speaker has reached today,

when he realizes that a half-century has now ebbed away since he appeared on this hill to enter college.

Let me describe the experience that you will have at that long-distant date ahead of you, fifty years hence, if I may judge of your experiences by those that I myself have had and am having.

Your Memory Will Then Say, Glory. For one thing, your memory in God's temple will cry, Glory. As that memory reviews the five decades past, it will find absolutely nothing to shake your confidence in the God of your salvation; but it will recall numberless experiences to make you eager to bear testimony to God's faithfulness. You will be able to declare as your confident creed the belief that all things have worked together for good for you—even the most disagreeable and pitiful experiences. It is worth living such a half-century in order to have reached such a conviction.

Your Contented Heart Will Then Say, Glory. For another thing, your contented heart also will, in his temple, say, Glory. The fact that the past has demonstrated the belief that God's ways are best, will make you content that God shall run his universe and what may remain of your own life, according to his own sovereign will. This state of mind, which may be described as one's being in harmony with the government, may, perhaps, be looked upon as a state of "faith"; but, whatever it is, it tends to peace of mind and contentment and satisfaction.

Your Heart of Hope Will Then Say, Glory. One other experience of yours, fifty years hence, will probably be that your heart of hope will then say, Glory, in God's temple. You will have had by that time, enough reassuring experiences of God's mercies to warrant you in a joyous hope that will arise out of knowing whom you have believed, and out of being persuaded that he will keep that which you have committed unto him against any future day of judgment or trial or new responsibility. That hope will be an anchor to your soul, both sure and steadfast. So often will you have outlived the experiences when your soul was cast down and disquieted within you, and have been able to praise him again for the help of his countenance, that you will face the mysteries of the future with cheerful hope and confident anticipation.

Benediction. I close my baccalaureate address to you, members of the Class of 1923, with two good wishes: the first, that you may ever be found among God's worshipers in God's temple; the second, that, on his part, God may fulfill richly upon you Aaron's benediction: "The Lord bless you and keep you, the Lord make his face shine upon you, and be gracious unto you: the Lord lift up his countenance upon you and give you peace" Amen.